

# SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VOL. VI.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912

NO. 31

## PAUL WESTERLUND WINS CLASSIC HILL CLIMB

ALL RECORDS BROKEN IN FIFTH ANNUAL SIERRA MADRE-MT. WILSON RACE IN SPITE OF THE INCREASED DISTANCE

PLACE	ENTRANT	REPRESENTING	TIME
1	Paul Westerlund	Olympic Club	1 hr. 21 min. 56 sec.
2	Philip Zeyouma	Sherman Institute	1 hr. 25 min. 7 sec.
3	Adolphus Gregg	A. A. C.	1 hr. 31 min. 37 sec.
4	G. Calligero	Italian Sporting Club	1 hr. 33 min. 56 sec.
5	Floyd Cooper	L. A. Y. M. C. A.	1 hr. 35 min. 20 sec.
6	L. C. Farley	L. A. Y. M. C. A.	1 hr. 35 min. 22 sec.
7	N. D. Cooper	L. A. Y. M. C. A.	1 hr. 35 min. 23 sec.
8	J. D. Gordon	Illinois A. C.	1 hr. 36 min. 30 sec.
9	Frank Cariss	L. A. A. C.	1 hr. 47 min. 52 sec.
10	Albert S. Miller	Unattached	1 hr. 48 min. 58 sec.
11	(tie) Dal Fahy	Honolulu A. C.	1 hr. 52 min. 34 sec.
12	(tie) Will Robertson	Co. C, Seventh Reg.	1 hr. 52 min. 34 sec.
13	W. W. Andrews	Unattached	2 hrs. 25 min. 37 sec.
14	Peter Sherron	Unattached	2 hrs. 25 min. 37 sec.
15	G. Copp	Unattached	2 hrs. 25 min. 20 sec.
16	L. G. Coombs	Co. F, Seventh Reg.	2 hrs. 33 min.
17	W. Wheeler	Unattached	2 hrs. 39 min. 20 sec.

Paul Westerlund won the fifth annual Sierra Madre-Mt. Wilson race on Wednesday and established a wonderful record for the difficult course. His time for the 7.4 miles from the business section of Sierra Madre to the summit of Mt. Wilson was 1 hour, 21 minutes, 56 seconds.

Previous races have started from the foot of the Mt. Wilson trail, the record for the 7.1-10 miles being 1:24:01, established last year by L. C. Farley. Over this portion of the course Westerlund made the remarkable time of 1:17:55.

Phillip Zeyouma, the Indian runner from the Sherman Institute, finished second in 1:25:07. His time over the old course also reduced the former record considerably. A. E. J. Gregg who finished second in 1911 race and who won the 1910 event was third this year, his time for the long course being 1:31:37.

The three leaders were given their choice of the prizes offered for the event. Westerlund chose the Board of Trade medal, in addition to having his name engraved on the Richard K. Fox medal which goes to the winner of three races. Zeyouma chose the cup donated by Brock and Company and Gregg receives the cup donated by the W. M. Hoegee Company.

### Race Improves Yearly

All spectators who have seen the previous races of the series agreed Wednesday that the event has improved every year. It has come to be recognized as the most novel and one of the best of the long distance running events. Each year as it becomes more widely known a better entry list is secured and as experience shows necessary changes in arrangements the event improves in every respect. The visiting newspaper men and Mr. C. J. Fox who originated the race expressed great delight in their compliments to Chairman Patterson of the Board of Trade's special committee in charge of the event.

The starting of the race from the business section of Sierra Madre proved a popular change. The addition of seven-tenths of a mile to the course was not sufficient to change the character of the race from the standpoint of the contestants, while the crowd which gathered at the starting point and at various places along the course as far as the foot of the trail attested to the improvement from the viewpoint of the spectators.

### Farley Drops Behind

Landa C. Farley, winner of last year's race and holder of the old record, finished sixth in 1:35:22. He had been suffering for some time with a lame leg and started off with a bad limp. He ran a game race but the handicap was too much for him.

L. G. Coombs of the Seventh Regiment of the National Guard established a record which is likely to stand for some time inasmuch as his novel stunt had never been attempted before. Instead of the usual light track suit he wore the marching uniform of the militia, carrying bayonet and carbine. Considering his load and warm attire his time of 2:33 may be considered an excellent record.

### Run in Two Divisions.

The change in starting point made it possible to send the eighteen runners away in two directions instead of singly at one-minute intervals as was necessary when starting at the foot of the trail. The two divisions were separated by drawing numbers from a hat and the second division followed the first after an interval of five minutes.

Westerlund started with the first division. He took the lead long before the foot of the trail was reached and maintained his position without difficulty. Zeyouma was allotted to the second division, where he maintained the lead from the start. He passed all but Westerlund of the first division runners before he had gone a mile beyond the half way house. It is interesting to speculate on the result if the Swede and the little brown Indian had been thrown into direct competition by being drawn for the same division. Each outclassed all the others in his division and if they had been running neck and neck there might have been some sprinting that would have reduced the record still further.

Westerlund received the news that he had broken all records upon his arrival at the top of the mountain with apparent unconcern. He merely remarked, "Is that so? What's the matter with those other fellows?"

Westerlund's victory restores the championship for the event to the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco. It was under the colors of that club that "Soldier" Joseph B. King won the first race of the series in 1908. He made the ascent from the foot of the trail in what was then regarded as the phenomenal time of 1:25:30.

Zeyouma's story of the race, given to the reporters at the Mt. Wilson Hotel, was laconic and indicated a determination to return another year. He said: "I take the lead of runners who start with me and pass many on the trail before we come half way. Then I have pass all, only three. Two of them I pass at the stream (about a mile above the half-way mark) but the other, him I do not pass. I am sorry. I do better next year."

The officials for the race were as follows:

Starter—Adolph Hartman.  
Timers—At start, C. J. Fox, Dal Jeffries; at Mt. Wilson Hotel, F. B. Ross, W. A. Reeve.

Judges—At start, J. D. Mackerras, George B. Morgridge; at Mt. Wilson Hotel, A. G. Waddell, J. H. Clayton.

Little Edith Gray, the 10-year old daughter of E. B. Gray of Azusa, made the ascent in 2:06 and the descent in 1:02. While not in any way connected with the race nor having the sanction of the race committee, her work attracted much interest.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL FIELD MEET

### Grammar School Boys Hold Spirited Athletic Contests

The boys of the Sierra Madre grammar school held an exciting track and field meet Wednesday morning under the direction of Prof. Maltbie and E. W. Mead, military instructor. Events were held for the senior and junior divisions. In the former Sam L. Graham won the championship with seven firsts, while Herbert Powell led the junior division with five firsts. The competition was spirited in both divisions. Officials of the meet were: Starter, Mr. Elliott; Judges, Prof. Maltbie, Henry Olsen; Timer, E. W. Mead. From the winners of these events will be selected the representatives of the Sierra Madre School in the big meet to be held in Pasadena on May 18. The winners in the various events were as follows:

#### Senior Events

50-Yard Dash—1st, Geo. Whitworth; 2nd, Wilbur Dunn; 3rd, Nelson Brooks; Time, 7 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—1st, Sam L. Graham; 2nd, George Whitworth; 3rd, Paul Little; Time, 11 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdle—1st, Sam L. Graham; 2nd, Geo. Whitworth; 3rd, Paul Little; Time, 17 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—1st, Sam L. Graham; 2nd, Paul Little; 3rd, George Whitworth; Time, 26 seconds.

Shot Put—1st, Sam L. Graham; 2nd, Nelson Brooks; 3rd, Paul Little; Donald Tarr, tie; Distance, 33 feet, 8 in.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Sam L. Graham; 2nd, Nelson Brooks; 3rd, Donald Tarr; Distance, 14 feet, 4 in.

Running High Jump—1st, Sam L. Graham; 2nd, Joseph Evans; 3rd, Paul Little; Height, 8 feet.

#### Junior Events

50-Yard Dash—1st, Wm. Seeley; 2nd, Dick Rasmussen; 3rd, Ross Crane; Time 6 1/2 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—1st, Herbert Powell; 2nd, Dick Rasmussen; 3rd, Wm. Seeley; Time, 13 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdles—1st, Herbert Powell; 2nd, Dick Rasmussen; 3rd, Wm. Seeley; Time 18 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—1st, Dick Rasmussen; 2nd, Herbert Powell.

Shot Put—1st, Wm. Seeley; 2nd, Dick Rasmussen; 3rd, Herbert Powell; Distance, 24 feet 1 1/2 inches.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Herbert Powell; 2nd, Francis Francis; 3rd, Wm. Seeley; Distance, 14 feet.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Herbert Powell; 2nd, Wm. Seeley; 3rd, Ross Crane; Height 3 feet, 10 1/2 inches.

Pole Vault—1st, Herbert Powell; 2nd, Wm. Seeley; 3rd, George Berryhill; Height, 7 feet, 2 inches.

## CURB PUT ON NOISE

POLICE ESCORT HAS SALUTARY EFFECT ON SATURDAY NIGHT MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

When the usual crowd of boisterous mountain climbers struck Sierra Madre on the last cars Saturday night they found an unusual reception awaiting them. At Sierra Madre avenue the two-car train was boarded by Marshal Udell, accompanied by Earl Buxton and L. E. Noble, as special officers. The crowd on the cars had been as noisy as ever up to that point, and in one car, which was without a conductor from El Camino, they had been a little worse than usual. But the sight of police stars had an astonishing effect in quieting the noisy ones. From that point to the end of the line they were orderly and there was also a vast difference in their demeanor after alighting.

As the crowd started up Mountain Trail avenue it became necessary to reprimand one or two who thought the time had come to cut loose with some pent up hilarity. From that time on the conduct of the crowd was like a flock of sheep as compared with the usual Saturday night crowds.

Regular police patrols will be on hand hereafter on the nights when large crowds of mountain climbers may be expected. After long consideration of the problem by the Board of Trade and city trustees it has been decided that is the only method by which residents of the northeast part of town can be relieved of the nuisance of the noise and rowdy conduct.

## SINGLE TAX TALK

EDMUND NORTON TO DISCUSS LIVE SUBJECT AT CLUB HOUSE FRIDAY

Single tax, one of the most interesting doctrines in the whole realm of economics, will be discussed by Mr. Edmund Norton of Los Angeles at the Woman's Club House next Friday evening, May 10. Mr. Norton is a good speaker and is recognized as well qualified to discuss the subject under consideration. His remarks will be followed by a discussion.

There are various brands of single tax advocates, differing chiefly in the degree to which they wish to apply the doctrines of Henry George. Some would retain the present system of private ownership of land, with an exclusive land tax. Others would have all land owned by the government, when the land rent and the land tax would become synonymous. The study of the question reveals alluring possibilities which have in part been realized by those communities which have tried some form of the single tax. The workings of the land tax in the cities of the British Northwest have attracted attention all over the world.

The single tax doctrine is not a dry subject by any means. Mr. Norton should have a large hearing as it seems likely his remarks will have some bearing on questions of local importance.

### PETERSON-SEAGER

The marriage of Miss Helen Peterson of St. Paul to Mr. George H. Seager of San Bernardino took place on Monday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hill of Montecito avenue, Mrs. Hill being an aunt of the bride. The simple and impressive ceremony was performed by Rev. James M. Campbell, D. D., in the presence of a small company of relatives and friends. The house was decorated for the occasion with roses and asparagus fern. Following the ceremony "Schubert's Serenade" was played on the piano by Miss Hazel Hill. A delicious wedding repast was served, after which the bride and groom left to enjoy a short wedding trip before returning to San Bernardino to make their home. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Peterson of St. Paul and during a residence of a year or more in Sierra Madre won many friends by her charming personality. She returned to Sierra Madre on Saturday after a visit of three months at her home, during which time she was the recipient of many pre-nuptial attentions from her St. Paul friends. The groom is a well known young business and club man of San Bernardino, being manager of the Independent Ice, Fuel & Feed company. He is deservedly popular for his ability and high character. After returning from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Seager will proceed at once with the erection of a pretty bungalow on a lot which they have already purchased.

### EPISCOPAL SERVICES

Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. George H. Cornell, Rector. Fourth Sunday after Easter. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.; sermon and Holy Communion, 11 a. m. All are cordially invited.

At the annual parish meeting held on Tuesday evening the following vestrymen were elected to serve for the ensuing year: J. C. Pegler, senior warden; E. S. Stillson, junior warden; C. J. Pegler, secretary; Tasker M. Webster, treasurer; C. C. Montgomery and Harvey Furneaux.

Husband—Is my wife going out, Elsie? Elsie—Yes, sir. Husband—Do you know if I am going with her? Titt-Bits.

## WILL ENTER PARADE

SIERRA MADRE WILL BE REPRESENTED IN FLORAL PARADE OF SHRINE CONVENTION

Sierra Madre will have an entry in the grand floral parade next Friday which will be a feature of the Shriners' convention in Los Angeles. The convention management has been urgent in extending an invitation for a Sierra Madre entry and after consideration it was thought well to respond with a float.

It is probable that the prize winning entry of J. A. Patterson in the flower festival parade will be used for the purpose. It will be decorated afresh for the occasion and it has been suggested that flowers or small bouquets be distributed from the float among the crowd.

A movement is on foot to have Friday declared a business holiday locally to give every one a chance to witness the day's festivities in Los Angeles. The day will be practically a holiday in Los Angeles, so local merchants need feel no fear of closing their places of business.

Sierra Madre has also received a cordial invitation to be represented in the Monrovia birthday celebration parade on May 17. It is probable that an effort will be made to have some sort of suitable entry on that occasion as well as in the Shriners' parade.

### GOOD TEMPLAR MEETING

Sierra Madre Lodge, I. O. G. T., will hold their regular meeting Saturday evening with the election of officers as a part of the order of business. The election will follow an initiation of new members and the new officers will be installed immediately. A social session will follow, in which the new piano will play an important part. There will be a "penny grand march" and refreshments will be served.

### FLOWER FESTIVAL REPORT

A detailed report of the flower festival report of the flower festival finances has been received from Treasurer J. W. Keys, showing the net proceeds accruing to the Woman's club to be \$1,000, a slight deficit being made up by Mr. F. J. Hart. The report was received too late to transcribe a synopsis for this week's paper but it will be printed next week.

### CIVICS CLUB MEETING

The Civics Club will hold its regular meeting on Monday, May 5 at 2:30. The session will be held in the parlors of the Woman's Club House.

### JUNIOR AUDUBON SOCIETY

A regular meeting of the Junior Audubon society will be held at the home of Mrs. G. Hallett Johnson, 486 W. Highland, on Friday, May 10, at 3:30 o'clock. Hall Perry, Secretary.

### RAINFALL RECORD

(By John G. Blumer)

With the close of the normal rainfall season approaching the record shows a deficiency of about four inches from the average of the past 25 seasons. The record to date is eleven inches short of that recorded at this date last season. However the lateness of the heavy rainfall this year will doubtless have the effect of more than offsetting the deficiency in the season's total, both in the effect on crops and on the length of the dry season. The record to date as compiled by Mr. Blumer follows:

1911.	
October .....	10
November .....	68
December .....	94
1912.	
January .....	23
February .....	15.38
March .....	4.33
April .....	21.06

Clerk—Mr. Supleigh complains in his letter that he is not hearing anything further about his suit. Lawyer—Send him a bill.—Fligende Blatter.

"Kindly return my lock of hair."  
"All right. Do you want the dark lock or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?"—Washington Herald.

"Do you think he'll leave any footprints on the sands of time?"  
"He ought to leave a good many. He's always side-stepping."—Kansas City Journal.

Knicker—Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar? Bocker—Yes; what troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife.—New York Sun.

Little Bobby—Say, Willie, is ma lookin' good? Little Willie—No. What 'y' goin' t' do? Little Bobby—Take out de gold fish an' let 'em play with the cat.—The Monitor.

Gibbs—Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success. Dibbs—Yes, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance.—Boston Transcript.

"Will you please help an old survivor, mum?"  
"An old survivor of what?"  
"Of the winter of 1912, mum."—Boston Transcript.

## ROOSEVELT MEETING WEDNESDAY

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICANS WILL HOLD BIG RALLY IN WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE WEDNESDAY NIGHT TO DISCUSS NATIONAL ISSUES

Roosevelt Republicans of Sierra Madre will hold a public meeting next Wednesday evening in the Woman's Club house, to which all voters are invited. The issues of the campaign preliminary to the presidential preference primary will be discussed and a good attendance is desired.

Speakers at the meeting will be Russ Avery of Los Angeles and Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, one of the progressive candidates for the delegation to the national republican convention. N. W. Tarr will preside at the meeting. Vice presidents have been chosen as follows: Mmes. Edgar W. Camp, L. E. Steinberger, Louis Dietz, H. G. Flint, Martha D. Rust, Messrs. C. W. Jones, J. W. Keys, M. W. Copps, L. E. Noble, and F. D. R. Moore.

The announcement that Senator La Follette would speak brought out a large audience to the Woman's Club house last Friday afternoon. The inability of the senator to be present was a source of disappointment but the audience nevertheless had an enjoyable meeting with addresses by Mrs. La

Follette and Walter L. Hauser, manager of the La Follette campaign. They presented the claims of La Follette to consideration in an able manner.

### EVERYBODY PAYS

It has been carefully figured out that the amount spent for war in any one year is about \$8 for each person. The war funds, if divided among all the people, would give to each man, woman, and child, \$8.

Or reckon it the other way. Each person must give up \$8 in money or labor, to make up the war fund. He can't refuse and say he doesn't believe in war funds—the government takes the \$8 directly or indirectly.

Or try it this way. Count up how much the city you live in is paying this year for war expenses. Multiply \$8 by the population. Are there 1,500 people in your city? 1,500 times \$8 is \$12,000. That would buy public improvements that would last a generation. And next year another \$12,000 would be useful. And every year, another.

When will peace come?  
On the day when we refuse to pay for war.

## A SPLENDID HAZARD

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE DUPE.

THE next morning Fitzgerald found Cathewe's note under his plate. He opened it with a sense of disaster.

My Dear Old Jack—I'm off. Found a pony and shall jog to Ajaccio by the route we came. Please take my luggage back to the Grand hotel, and I'll pick it up. And have my trunk sent ashore too. I shan't go back to America with the admiral, bless his kindly old heart! I'm off to Mombasa. Always keep a shooting kit there for emergencies I suppose you'll understand. Be kind to her and help her in any way you can. I hope I shan't run into Breitmann. I should kill him out of hand. Happiness to you, my boy. And maybe I'll ship you a trophy for the wedding. Explain my departure in any way you please. CATHEWE.

The reader folded the note and stowed it away. Somehow the bloom was gone from things. He was very fond of Cathewe, kindly, gentle, brave and chivalrous. What was the matter with the woman anyhow? How to explain? The simplest way would be to state that Cathewe had gone back to Ajaccio. Fitzgerald was gloomy till that moment when Laura joined him. To her, of course, he explained the situation.

Neither she nor Hildegarde cared to go up to the forest. They would find nothing but a hole. And indeed, when the men returned from the pines, weary, dusty and dissatisfied, they declared that they had gone not with the expectation of finding anything, but to certify a fact.

M. Ferraud was now in a great hurry. Forty miles to Corte. Night or not they must make the town. There was no discussion; the spell of the little man was upon them all.

Racing his horses all through the night, scouring for fresh ones at dawn and finding them, and away again, climbing, turning, climbing round this pass, over that bridge, through this cut, thus dew Breitmann, the passion of haste upon him. By this tremendous pace he succeeded in arriving at Evisa before the admiral had covered half the distance to Carghese.

How clear and keen his mind was as on the road! A thousand places wove themselves to the parent stem. He even laughed aloud, sending a shiver up the spine of the driver, who was certain his old master was mad. The face of Laura drifted past him as in a dream and then again that of the other woman. No, no, he regretted nothing, absolutely nothing. But he had been a fool there. He had wasted time and sent himself to a despicable intrigue. For all that he outcried it. There was a touch of shame on his cheeks when he remembered that had he asked she would have given him that scrap of paper the first hour of their meeting. Somewhere in Hildegarde von Mitter lay dormant the spirit of heroes. He had made a mistake.

Two millions of shining money, gold, silver and English notes. And he laughed again as he recalled M. Ferraud, caught in a trap. He was clever, but not clever enough. What a stroke—to make prisoners of the party on their return, to carry the girl away into the mountains! Would any of them think of treasures, of conspiracies, with her as a hostage? He

thought not. In the hue and cry for her these elements in the game would fall to a minor place. Well he knew M. Ferraud. He would call to heaven for the safety of Laura. Love her? Yes. She was the one woman. But men did not make captives of women and obtain their love. He knew the futility of such coercion. He had committed two or three scoundrelly acts, but never would he or could he sink to such a level. No, he meant no harm at all. Frighten her, perhaps, and terrorize the others, and maybe take a kiss as he left her to the coming of her friends. Nothing more serious than that.

Two millions in gold and silver and English notes! He would have his revenge for all these years of struggle and failure, for the cold and callous policies of state which had driven him to this piece of roguery. On their heads be it. Two thousand in Marseilles, ready at his beck and call, a thousand more in Avignon, in Lyons, in Dijon, and so on up to Paris, the Paris he had cursed one night from under his maid's hand. In a week he would have them shaking in their boots. The unemployed, the idlers, thieves, his to a man. If he saw his own death at the end little he cared. He would have one great moment, pay off the score, France as well as Germany. He would at least live to see them harrying each other's throat. To declare to France that he was only Germany's tool, put forward for the sole purpose of destroying peace in the midst of a great military crisis. He had other papers, and the prying little Frenchman had never seen those—clever forgeries, bearing the signature of certain great German personages. These should they find at the selected moment. Let them rip one another's throats, the dogs! Two million of francs—enough to purchase 100,000 men.

"Ah, my great-grandfather, if spirits have eyes yours will see something presently. And that poor little secret agent thinks I want a crown on my head! There was a time—Curse these infernal headaches!"

On, on; hurry, hurry. The driver was faithful, a some time brigand and later a harbor boatman, and of all his confederates this one was the only man he dared trust on an errand of this kind.

Evisa. They did not pause. They ate their supper on the way. With three Sardinian donkeys, strong and patient little brutes, with lanterns and shovels and sacks, the two fared into the pines. Aitone was all familiar ground to the Corsican, who, in younger days, had taken his illegal title from these hills. They found the range soon enough, but made a dozen mistakes in measurements, and it was long toward midnight, when the oil of the lantern ran low, that their shovels bore down into the precious pocket. The earth flew. They worked like madmen, with nervous energy and power of will, and when the chest finally came into sight, rotten with age and the soak of earth, they fell back against a tree, on the verge of collapse. The hair was damp on their foreheads, their breath came harshly, almost in sobs.

Suddenly Breitmann fell upon his knees and laughed hysterically, plunged his blistered hands into the shining heap. It placed through his fingers in little musical cascades. He rose.

"Pietro, you have been faithful to me. Put your two hands in there!"

"I, master?" stupefied.

"Go on! Go on! As much as your two hands can hold is yours. Dig them in deep, man, dig them in deep!"  
With a cry Pietro dropped and burrowed into the gold and silver. A dozen times he started to withdraw his hands, but they trembled so that some of the coins would slip and fall. At last, with one desperate plunge, the money running down toward his elbows, he turned aside and let fall his burden on the new earth outside the

(Continued on Page 3)



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## NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

## Sheriff's Sale

No. 84712

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

Carlton E. Ladd, Plaintiff, vs. F. C. Melton and Joseph A. Melton, his wife, Defendants. The County of Los Angeles, a municipal corporation and L. C. Becker, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1912, in the above entitled action, wherein Carlton E. Ladd, the above named plaintiff, obtained an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale against F. C. Melton, et al., defendants, on the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1912, for the sum of Seventy-seven thousand, nine hundred, nine hundred, two and 43/100 (\$77,924.43) Dollars, gold coin of United States, which said decree was, on the 1st day of April, A. D. 1912, recorded in Judgment Book 241, of said Court, at page 396, I am commanded to sell all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The southwest quarter of Section Two (2) in Township One (1) North, Range Twelve (12) West, S. B. M. in said county of Los Angeles, State of California, known as the Altadena Hill Real Estate Company property, containing one hundred and sixty acres (160) of land, according to Government Survey, together with all water and water-rights thereto belonging or in anywise appurtenant and its shares of stock in the Rubio Canyon Land & Water Association.

Also the following described real property situate in said county of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as follows: Lot One (1) and part of Lot Two (2) in Section Eleven (11), Township One (1) North, Range Twelve (12) West, S. B. M. and a part of the Grogan Tract in the Rancho San Pasqual in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, described as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of Section Two (2) in Township One (1) North, Range Twelve (12) West, S. B. M. and thence east twenty and ninety-five hundredths (20.95) chains; thence south 12.4 degrees, east eleven and ninety-seven hundredths (11.97) chains to Station 12 of the Boardman Survey of the Grogan Tract, being also the northeast corner of 42.45 acre tract conveyed by Alex. B. Grogan to David Townsend, by deed recorded in Book 111, page 168 of Deeds, thence along the east line of said 42.45 acre tract south 12.4 degrees, east six and forty-four hundredths (6.44) chains; thence south 12 degrees, east twenty-three and sixty-six hundredths (23.66) chains to the southeast corner of said Tract; thence west along the south line of said Tract, sixteen and eighty-hundredths (16.80) chains to its southwest corner; thence north along the west line of said tract, thirty-four and seventeen hundredths (34.17) chains to the north line of the Rancho San Pasqual; thence northwesterly along the north line of said Rancho, to beginning, containing fifty-four and twenty-two (54.22) acres more or less, excepting the west thirty (30) feet of the south fifteen hundred twenty-five and ninety-two hundredths (1525.92) feet; also the south twenty-five (25) feet as reserved for roads in a deed recorded in Book 111, page 169 of Deeds. Together with all water and water-rights thereto belonging or in anywise appurtenant and 40 shares of stock of the Precipice Canyon Land & Water Company.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That, on Monday, the 13th day of May, A. D. 1912, at 12:00 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Court House, door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States. Dated this 18th day of April, 1912.

W. A. HAMMILL, Sheriff of Los Angeles County. By W. T. OSTERHOLT, Deputy Sheriff. HAAS & DUNNIGAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

## Brief Items of Interest

K. L. Hastings of Los Angeles was in Sierra Madre Sunday as the guests of friends.

Charles Eager of Inglewood spent Sunday in Sierra Madre visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Nuetzell of Esperanza are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. C. B. Green was a week end guest at the home of Mrs. F. Gardner of Pasadena.

Mr. C. P. Peeler and family of Los Angeles are occupying the Kirby house on La Belle avenue.

Miss Marion Drake of Pasadena was a week end guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Krebs.

Dr. I. B. Mills of Santa Ana is occupying the Wheeler cottage on the corner of La Belle and Mt. Trail.

The Ancient Priscillas were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Stevenson of Lamanda Park, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Chichester and family of Los Angeles have rented the Meek house on Laurel for a short stay.

Mrs. W. J. Lawless and Mrs. C. C. Nourse attended Reciprocity Day held at the Irwindale Club, Covina Tuesday.

Lieutenant Charles W. Forman and his mother, Mrs. Forman, of Uplands were in Sierra Madre Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Norma Rockhold Robins of Glendale was a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Roland Adams, Monday.

R. E. Evans and family of Los Angeles are occupying the Adams cottage on La Belle between Baldwin and Auburn.

Mrs. E. F. Rockhold has returned to her home in Riverside after spending the week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Roland Adams.

Mrs. Evelyn Morris of Los Angeles and Miss Latimore of Pasadena were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Maher this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sholes and Mrs. Harry Little of Los Angeles were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holt Gregory, Sunday.

Herbert Ingraham has given up his position in Los Angeles for the summer. He will spend his vacation at home in Sierra Madre.

Miss Laura Krebs leaves today for her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, after spending the past year in Sierra Madre at the home of her brother, Dr. L. L. Krebs.

Las Auxilladores de Sierra Madre held its usual meeting at the home of Mrs. G. H. Johnson Thursday. The time was devoted to sewing, lunch being served at noon.

Lieutenant and Mrs. W. S. Greacen spent the week end in Sierra Madre at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mason. They have now gone to Monterey, where Lieutenant Greacen is stationed, to make their future home.

The I. I. C. was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Alma Jones Thursday. Miss Jones gave a very interesting talk on Tahiti where she has spent some time. She has a large collection of curios and views gathered during the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Moote were host and hostess at a dinner party given at their home Saturday night for some out of town friends. Covers were laid for eight. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Galtier of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Johnson of San Pedro, and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cuthbert of Alhambra.

Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Krebs were host and hostess at a dinner party given at their home Thursday night as a farewell to Miss Laura Krebs who leaves today for her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Covers were laid for sixteen. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Roland Adams, Mrs. Mary Davis Goodfellow, Misses Hill, Craig, Rice, Drake, and Marjorie Rice, Messrs. W. C. Davis, J. D. Mackerras, G. B. Morgridge, A. L. Morse, and R. C. Dancan.

Miss Mattie Seeley was hostess at a delightful little party given at the home of her sister, Mrs. M. D. Welsher, Thursday afternoon, in honor of Miss Grace Howlett. The time was pleasantly spent in games. The rooms were artistically decorated with pink roses, the same color scheme being carried out in the refreshments. Others present were Misses Katharine Schwartz, Beatrice and Marguerite Ward, Helen Janson, Lucile Sparks and Anna Kehlet.

D. E. Spafford of Highland Park visited his brother, S. H. Spafford, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lawless leave today for a trip of a few days to San Francisco.

Mrs. H. A. Barber of Los Angeles spent Tuesday as the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Morgridge.

Mrs. J. A. Osgood, Mrs. Beyer and Miss Hersa Lea attended the Mission Play at San Gabriel Wednesday.

Mrs. Mabel Bennett and her sister, Miss Gertrude Spafford, of Seattle are visiting their uncle, S. H. Spafford.

Miss J. Dean of Santa Monica spent last week at the home of Mrs. J. H. Nightingale of East Algeria avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Kessler and Messrs. Greer and George Kessler of Pasadena were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Camp Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Ewing of San Francisco is spending several weeks as a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nightingale.

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Mackerras and Miss Jean Craig enjoyed an auto trip to Riverside, Redlands and San Bernardino Monday.

Mrs. C. C. Montgomery entertained with two tables of bridge whist at her home Wednesday night. Refreshments were served after cards.

Mrs. George Wilson and son, who have spent the winter in Sierra Madre left Saturday for their home in Chicago. Mrs. Wilson is a sister of Mr. C. W. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Moser and two nieces of Indiana and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. White of Long Beach were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Baker.

The regular Wednesday tennis party was enjoyed at the Lambert court on East Grand View. There were about ten players. Tea was afterwards served on the lawn.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Congregational church, held an all day meeting at the church parlors Tuesday. The time was devoted to sewing. Each lady brought her own lunch.

Mr. A. L. Ulrich and children, Miss Portia Ulrich and Edward Ulrich, who have been living in Los Angeles during the winter, have returned to Sierra Madre and are occupying their home in San Gabriel Court.

Messrs. J. C. Pegler, C. J. Pegler and A. S. Mead spent a few days last week inspecting land about Porterville and Lindsay. They were escorted around by C. B. Reas in his auto and saw some interesting country.

Miss Florence Vannier of this city and her sister, Miss Daisy Vannier of Los Angeles, are spending the week end at La Jolla as the guests of friends.

Miss Helen Morrow and Mr. James Chapman of Los Angeles were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ingraham.

The members of the Eleven-and-One club entertained with a progressive supper Tuesday night. Four courses were served. Starting at the home of Miss Sherman, the party progressed to Miss Anderson's, then to Norris; ending up at Miss Sparks'. A delightful musical program and various games were enjoyed by those present.

The guests were: The Misses Marguerite Anderson, Florence Berryhill, Hilda Caley, Maybelle Caley, Marian Decker, Anna Janson, Muriel King, Ethel Powell, Mildred Sherman, Ruth Sparks, Mrs. W. M. Dennison, Messrs. R. Risdon, Baugh, Lytle, Bixby, Pelletier, Boyard, Clark, Dennison, Poole, Twycross, and Hartman.

The regular meeting of the Dickens Club was held at the home of Mrs. C. C. Montgomery Wednesday. This club has been recently organized for the study of the great novelist. The members are all Dickens lovers and the study of the books and characters is highly interesting. Next week the club will be entertained at luncheon at the home of Mrs. C. H. Baker, when all the members will appear in costume. Those belonging to the club are: Messrs. C. H. Baker, Frank Wright, Pierce, W. S. Andrews, B. W. Andrews, Torrance, Rust, Cadwell, Williamson, Weston, Gaylord Martin, Montgomery, Misses Alice Lockwood, Jean Woodward, Mrs. C. W. Mitchell and Mrs. A. S. Moore.

CACKLE, CACKLE, CACKLE: Yes the hens are all cackling when fed Conkey's Laying Tonic. It brings their eggs. For sale by A. Olsen. 31-34

## The Theaters

## Burbank

The literally tremendous triumph achieved by Muriel Starr, Donald Bowles and the others of the Burbank company in the first stock company performance of Blisson's world famous drama, "Madame X," made it apparent that a second week of this powerful and stirring play would be necessary.

Ever since the first performance the Burbank has been crowded to overflowing with theater goers anxious for a view of this remarkable play that has mother love for its dominant theme. It is a fine tribute to the worth of the Burbank company that scores and scores of persons who have witnessed the traveling companies' presentations of "Madame X" unhesitatingly pronounce the Burbank offering to be vastly superior in many ways. No more finer conception and pathetic portrayal of the unhappy woman who seeks forgiveness from her husband from an unfortunate mistake and is brutally denied even a final look upon her infant boy, can be imagined than that given by Miss Starr. It is at once compelling and convincing and at all times sketched with absolute verity and strength.

Mr. Bowles instantly leaped into Burbank's popularity by the forcefulness and the boyish eloquence of his defence of his mother, her identity unknown to him at the time and only the unfortunate position of the poor woman appealing to his sense of justice and right.

## Belasco

With the thousands of visiting Nobles of the Mystic Shrine in possession of Los Angeles for the week, it is singularly appropriate that the Belasco stage should be given over to Leo Detrichstein's absurdly funny success, "Are You a Mason?" This noted laughing play is no stranger to the theater goers in this city, nor is it by any means unknown to the visiting Masons. Yet it is very generally regarded as one of the best farces the stage has ever known—extremely funny throughout its three acts and not merely leopard-like in its quantity of humor, which is essentially clean and wholesome.

"Are You a Mason?" concerns a staid old married man of Rockford, Illinois, who for a dozen or more years has explained his nocturnal absences from home by the fact that he has been in attendance upon Masonic meetings. He makes a visit with his wife to the New York home of his daughter and son-in-law who has been using the same sort of an explanation to his wife that has proved so successful in the case of his Rockford father-in-law. When the two spurious Masons meet the fun takes on a hilarious character and until the final drop of the curtain there is no stop to the fun.

Sneezing, moping fowls have Roup. Cure them quickly with Conkey's Roup Remedy. Get it on a "money-back" guarantee by A. Olsen. 31-34

## Woman's Club

The Woman's Club program for the month of May contains some interesting events. On Monday, May 13, Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith will read "Everywoman." Mrs. Goldsmith is well known as a dramatic reader of unusual ability and she is expected to provide one of the most interesting programs of the year.

Mrs. Catherine Pierce Wheat will read a paper on "The Woman Who Tolls," at the meeting on Monday, May 27. The paper has been read before a number of other clubs and has always been well received.

Mr. Edmund Norton of Los Angeles will speak at an evening meeting to which the public is invited on Friday, May 10. His subject will be the single tax.

On Friday evening, May 17, there will be a dancing party in the club house.

The annual election of officers will be held at the last meeting in May, Monday, the 27th. Nominating ballots have been sent out with the monthly programs and members are urged to fill them out and return to Mrs. A. M. Staples as soon as possible.

Conkey's Poultry Book means dollars to anyone. Free if you bring this ad to Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co. 31-38

Don't overlook that offer of a 50-cent box of Whiting's stationery with every dollar's worth of liners paid for in advance and used as you desire. MRS. E. M. BROOKS Dressmaking Green 63. 178 E. Central.

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Ice Cream with  
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Is unlike any other. It contains nothing but the nutritive and digestible products of the choicest Cocoa Beans.

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17 lbs. Granulated Sugar.....	\$1.00
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1 can Crisco, 30c size.....	.25
6 bars White Bear Soap.....	.25
2 cans Alpine Milk.....	.15
2 cakes Sapolio.....	.15
2 cans Polly Prim Cleanser.....	.15
2 pkgs. Gloss Starch.....	.15
2 lbs Dried Peaches.....	.15
Chuck Roast, per lb.....	.12½
Pork Roast, per lb.....	.12½
Swift's Premium Bacon, by piece, lb.....	.30

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# A SPLENDID HAZARD

By  
**HAROLD MacGPATH**

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## SYNOPSIS

In Paris Fitzgerald meets Karl Breitmann, a mysterious adventurer, and sees a beautiful American girl, who interests him. Breitmann dreams of securing 2,000,000 francs.

Ferraud, a French detective and butterfly collector, is shadowing Breitmann for France, whose safety he imperils. Germany is also interested in Breitmann. In New York Fitzgerald meets Cathewe.

Fitzgerald on a wager poses as an Italian viceroy of plaster statues. A beautiful young woman asks him to call at a house in Dalton. The house is owned by Admiral Killigrew.

The beautiful young woman, Miss Laura Killigrew, asks him to become her father's secretary and clear up a mysterious tapping in the house. The burglar alarm wires have been tampered with.

Breitmann instead of Fitzgerald is engaged as the admiral's secretary. Hunting pirate's treasure is the admiral's hobby. His ancient home had been owned by a French exile.

Laura tells Breitmann about the strange noises in the big chimney of the house. Fitzgerald and Breitmann plan to trap the intruder who is seeking something in the chimney.

Some one has been tampering with Breitmann's trunk. Fitzgerald and Breitmann find loosened brick in the chimney and a chalk diagram.

The admiral partly dismantles the chimney, and Breitmann finds papers describing a treasure hidden in Corsica by soldiers of Napoleon to aid his return to power.

The admiral plans to take his daughter, Fitzgerald, Breitmann and others to Corsica on his yacht. Cathewe and Hildegarde von Mitter are invited.

Ferraud meets the admiral and gets an invitation. Fitzgerald learns that Breitmann has lied to him. Both are in love with Laura.

Fitzgerald accuses Ferraud of having explored the chimney. Ferraud admits that he is a French detective. Hildegarde still loves Breitmann, who has jilted her. Cathewe loves Hildegarde.

Breitmann and Cathewe quarrel over Hildegarde, of whom Breitmann speaks in complimentary terms. The admiral's party sails for Corsica on the treasure hunt.

Ferraud discovers that one of the foremost Orientalists of France is on the yacht in disguise as Picard. Laura becomes interested in Fitzgerald.

Breitmann plots to secure the treasure. Laura refuses to marry him. Ferraud promises Fitzgerald that he will reveal Breitmann's secret.

Ferraud tells the entire party that a young man, a descendant of Napoleon, is planning to overturn France. Breitmann threatens Ferraud with death.

Corsica is reached. Ferraud overhears Breitmann and Picard plotting to secure the treasure and invade France with an army headed by Breitmann.

Breitmann knocks Fitzgerald senseless, binds and seizes Ferraud and goes after the treasure, pursued by the admiral's party.

Ferraud tells the admiral Breitmann is the great-grandson of Napoleon. Laura and Fitzgerald love each other. Hildegarde remains loyal to Breitmann.

Breitmann secures the treasure. Ferraud proves to him that Picard is a traitor. Picard wounds Breitmann in a duel.

Hildegarde and Breitmann become reconciled. Breitmann abandons his Napoleonic ambition and retains the treasure. He confesses that he was an impostor.

(Continued from Page 1)



"PIETRO, PUT YOUR HANDS IN THERE."

shallow pit. He rolled beside it, done for, in a fainting state. Breitmann laughed wildly.

"Come, come; we have no time. Put it into your pockets."

"But I have not counted it!" naively.

"Tomorrow when we make camp for breakfast. Let us hurry."

Quickly Pietro stuffed his pockets, jabbering in his patois, swearing so many curses to the Virgin for his night's work. Then began the loading of the sacks, and these were finally dumped into the donkey panniers.

"Now, Pietro, the shortest cut to Ajaccio. First your hand on your amulet and oath never to reveal what has happened."

Pietro swore solemnly. "I am ready now, master."

"Lead on, then," replied Breitmann. Impulsively he raised his hands high above his head. "Mine, all mine!"

He wiped his face and hands, pulled his cap down firmly, lighted a cigar,

struck the rear donkey, and the hazardous journey began.

Seven men more or less young, with a genial air of dissipation about their eyes and a varied degree of recklessness lurking at the corners of their mouths—seven men sat round a table in a house in the Rue St. Charles. They had been eating and drinking rather luxuriously for Ajaccio. The Rue St. Charles is neither spacious nor elegant as a thoroughfare, but at that point where it turns into the Place Letitia it is quiet and unfrequented at night. A film of tobacco smoke waivered in and out among the guttering candles and streamed round the empty and part empty champagne bottles. At the head of the table sat Breitmann, still pale and weary from his herculean labors. His face was immobile, but his eyes were lively.

"Tomorrow," said Breitmann, "we leave for France. On board the money will be equally divided. Then for the work." His voice was cold, authoritative.

"Two millions!" mused Picard from behind a fresh cloud of smoke. He picked up a bottle and gravely filled his glass, beckoning to the others to follow his example. At another sign all rose to their feet, Breitmann alone remaining seated. "To the day!"

Breitmann's lips grew thinner. That was the only sign.

Outside, glancing obliquely through the grilled window, stood M. Ferraud. He had not seen these worthies together before. He knew all of them. There was not a shoulder among them that he could not lay a hand upon and voice with surety the order of the law. Courage of a kind they all had, names once written gloriously in history, but now merely passports into dubious traffic. Heroes of boulevard exploits, duellists, card players—could it be possible that any sane man should be their dupe? After the strange feast he heard many things—some he had known, some he had guessed at and some which surprised him. Only loyalty was lacking to make them feared indeed. Presently he saw Breitmann rise. He was tired, he needed sleep. On the morrow, then, and in a week the first blow of the new terror. They all bowed respectfully as he passed out.

The secret agent followed him till he reached the Place des Palmiers. He put a hand on Breitmann's arm. The latter, highly keyed, swung quickly, and, seeing who it was (the man he believed to be at that moment a prisoner in the middle country), he made a sinister move toward his hip. M. Ferraud was in peril, and he realized it. "Wait a moment, monsieur. There is no need of that. I repeat, I wish you well, and this night I will prove it. What? Do you not know that I could have put my hand on you at any moment? Attend, Rube with me to the little house in Rue St. Charles." Breitmann's hand again stole toward his hip.

"You were listening?"

"Yes. Be careful. My death would not change anything. I wish to disillusion you. I wish to prove to you how deeply you are the dupe of those men. All your plans have been remarkable, but not one of them has remained unknown to me. You clasp the hand of this duke who plays the sailor under the name of Picard, who hails you as a future emperor and strabs you behind your back? How? Double face that he is, have I not proof that he has written detail after detail of this conspiracy to the Quai d'Orsay and that he has clung to you only to gain his share of what is yours? Come back with me and let your own ears testify. The fact that I am not in the mountains should convince you how strong I am."

Breitmann hesitated, wondering whether he had best shoot this meddler then and there and cut for it or follow him.

"I will go with you. But I give you this warning: If what I hear is not what you expect me to hear I promise to put a bullet into your meddling head."

"I agree to that," replied the other. He did not underestimate his danger. Neither did he undervalue his intimate knowledge of human nature.

With what emotions Breitmann returned to the scene of his triumph his self-appointed companion could only surmise. He had determined to save this young fool in spite of his mad ness, and never had he failed to bring his enterprises to their fore-arranged end. And there was sentiment between all this, sentiment he would not have been ashamed to avow. Upon chance, then, fickle inconstant chance, depended the success of the seven years' labor. If by this time the wine had not loosened their tongues or if they had disappeared!

But fortune favors the persistent no less than the brave. The prodigates were still at the table, and there were fresh bottles of wine. They were laughing and talking. In all not more than fifteen minutes had elapsed since Breitmann's departure. M. Ferraud stationed him by the window and kept a hand lightly upon his arm, as one might place a finger on a pulse.

Of what were they talking? Ostend, the ballet dancers, the races in May, the shooting at Monte Carlo, gaming tables, empty purses and again ballet dancers?

"To divide two millions!" cried one. "That will clear my debts, with a little for Dieppe."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs! Princely!"

And then the voice of the master spirit, pitiless and ironical Picard's. "Was there ever such a dupe? And not to laugh in his face is penance for my sins. A Dutchman, a bullet headed clod from Bavaria, the land of

sausage, beer and daschunds, and this shall be written Napoleon IV. Ye gods, what farce, comedy, vaudeville!"

Breitmann shuddered. M. Ferraud, feeling that shudder under his hand, relaxed his shoulders. He had won. The scene went on. The butt of it heard jest and ridicule. They were pillorying him with the light and matchless cruelty of wits. And he, poor fool, had believed them to be his dupes, whereas he was theirs. Gently he disengaged himself from M. Ferraud's grasp.

"What are you going to do?" whispered the hunter of butterflies.

"Watch and see."

Breitmann walked noiselessly round to the entrance, and M. Ferraud lost sight of him for a few moments. Picard was on his feet, mimicking his dupe by assuming a Napoleonic pose. The door opened, and Breitmann stood quietly on the threshold. A hush fell on the revelers. There was something kingly in the contempt with which Breitmann swept the startled faces. He stepped up to the table, took up a full glass of wine and threw it into Picard's face.

"Only one of us shall leave Corsica," said the dupe.

"Certainly it will not be your majesty," replied Picard, wiping his face with a serviette. "His majesty will waive his rights to meet me. Tomorrow morning I shall have the pleasure of writing funis to this Napoleonic phase. You fool, you shall die for that!"

"That," returned Breitmann, still unruffled as he went to the door, "remains to be seen. Gentlemen, I regret to say that your monetary difficulties must continue unchanged."

"Oh, for fifty years ago!" murmured the little scene shifter from the dark of his shelter.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE DREAM.

IT took place on the road which runs from Ajaccio to the Cap de la Parata, not far from the Sanguinaires; not a main traveled road. The sun had not yet crossed the mountains, but a crisp gray light lay over land and sea. They fired at the same time. The duke lowered his pistol, and through the smoke he saw Breitmann pitch headforemost into the thick white dust. Presently, nay almost instantly, the dust at the left side of the stricken man became a creeping blackness. The surgeon sprang forward.

"Dead?" asked Picard.

"No; through the shoulder. He has a fighting chance."

"The wine last night; my hand wasn't steady enough. Some day the fool will curse me as a poor shot. The devil take the business! Not a sou for my pocket out of all the trouble I have had. But for the want of a clear head I should be a rich man today. Who thought he would come back? Who thought he would come back?"

"I did," answered M. Ferraud.

"You?"

"With pleasure! I brought him back. Thank you for your empty pockets, monsieur. If I were you I should not land at Marseilles. Try Livorno, by all means Livorno."

"For this?" asked Picard, with a jerk of his head toward Breitmann, who was being carefully lifted on to the carriage seat.

"No; for certain letters you have not sent to the Quai d'Orsay. You comprehend?"

"What do you mean?" truculently, for Picard was not in a kindly mood this morning.

But the little Bayard of the Quai laughed. "Shall I explain here, monsieur? Be wise. Go to Italy, all of you. This time you overreached, Monsieur le Duc. Your ballet dancers must wait! And, with rare insolence, M. Ferraud showed his back to his audience, climbed to the seat by the driver and bade him return slowly to the Grand hotel.

Hildegarde refused to see any one but M. Ferraud. Hour after hour she sat by the bed of the injured man. Knowing that in all probability he would live, she was happy for the first time in years. He needed her; alone, broken, wrecked among his dreams, he needed her. He had recovered consciousness almost at once, and his first words were a curse on the man who had aimed so badly. He could talk but little, but he declared that he would rip the bandages if they did not prop his pillows so he could see the bay. The second time he woke he saw Hildegarde. She smiled brokenly, but he turned his head aside.

"Has the yacht gone yet?"

"No."

"When will it sail?"

"Tomorrow." Her heart swelled with bitter pain. The woman he loved would be on that yacht. But toward Laura she held nothing but kindness tinged with a wondering envy. Was not she, Hildegarde, as beautiful? Had Laura more talents than she, more accomplishments? Alas, yes, one! She had had the unconscious power of making this man love her.

To and fro she waved the fan. For awhile, at any rate, he would be hers. And when M. Ferraud said that the others wished to say farewell she declined. She could look none of them in the face again, nor did she care. She was sorry for Cathewe. His life would be as broken as hers, but a man has the world under his feet, scenes of action, changes to soothe his hurt. A woman has little else but her needle.

All through the day and all through the night she remained on guard, surrendering her vigil only to M. Ferraud. With cold cloths she kept down the fever, wiping the hot face and hands. He would pull through, the surgeon said, but he would have his nurse to thank. There was something about the man the doctor did not understand. He acted as if he did not care to live.

# Old Irons for New

If you have an Electric Flatiron, made by the Pacific Electric Heating Company—no matter how old it is—no matter what its condition is—no matter if the guarantee expired long ago—no matter if it's just so much junk, if you have the bottom, you can exchange it for an improved 1912 Model Hotpoint, with the heating element guaranteed for 5 years—on these terms—which expires May first.

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Hot Point  
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The morning found her still at her post. Breitmann awoke early and appeared to take little interest in his surroundings.

"Why do you waste your time?" his voice was colorless.

"I am not wasting my time, Karl."

His head rolled slowly over on the pillow till he could see outside. Only two or three fishing boats were visible.

"When will the yacht sail?"

"Always that question. Go to sleep I will wake you when I see it."

"I've been a scoundrel, Hildegarde."

and he closed his eyes.

Where would she go when he left this room? For the future was always rising up with this question. What would she do? How would she live? She shut her eyes.

The door opened. The visitor was M. Ferraud. He touched his lips with a finger and stole toward the bed.

"Better?"

She nodded.

"Are you not dead for sleep?"

"It does not matter."

Breitmann's eyes opened, for his brain was wide awake. "Ferraud?"

"Yes. They wished me to say good-bye for them."

"To me?" incredulously.

"They have none but good wishes."

"She will never know?"

"Not unless Mr. Fitzgerald tells her."

"Hildegarde, I had planned her abduction. Don't misunderstand. I have sunk low indeed, but not so low as that. I wanted to marry them. They would have left me free. She was to be a pawn. I shouldn't have hurt her."

"You do not care to return to Germany?"

"Nor to France, M. Ferraud."

"There's a wide world outside. You will find room enough," diffidently.

"An outlaw?"

"Of a kind."

"Be easy. I haven't even the wish to be buried there. There is more to the story, more than you know. My name is Herman Stuler—if I live there is not a drop of French blood in



HILDEGARDE EYED THEM IN WONDER.

my veins. Breitmann died on the field in the Sudan, and I took his papers. His eyes burned into Ferraud's.

"Perhaps that would be the best way," replied M. Ferraud pensively.

"What shall I do with the money?"

It is under the bed."

"Keep it. No one will contest your right to it, Herman Stuler; and, besides, your French, fluent as it is, still possesses the Teutonic burr. Yes, Herman Stuler; very good, indeed."

Hildegarde eyed them in wonder. Were they both mad?

"Will you be sure always to remember?" said M. Ferraud to the bewildered woman. "Herman Stuler; Karl Breitmann, who was the great-grandson of Napoleon, died of a gunshot in Africa. If you will always remember that, why even Paris will be possible some day."

Hildegarde was beginning to understand. She was coming to bless this little man.

"I do not believe that the money under the bed is safe there. I shall, if you wish, make arrangements with the local agents of the Credit Lyonnais to take over the sum without question

and to issue you two drafts, one on London and the other on New York, or in two letters of credit. Two millions! It is a big sum to let repose under one's bed anywhere, let alone Corsica, where the amount might purchase half the island!"

"I am, then, a rich man; no more crusades, no more stale bread and cheap tobacco, no more turning my cuffs and collars and clipping the frayed edges of my trousers. I am fortunate. There is a joke too. Picard and his friends advanced me 5,000 francs for the enterprise."

"I marvel where they got it."

"I am sorry that I was rough with you."

"I hear you not the slightest ill will. I never have Herman Stuler; I must remember to have them make out the drafts in that name."

Breitmann appeared to be sleeping again. After waiting a moment or two his guardian angel tiptoed out.

An hour went by.

"Hildegarde, have you any money?"

"Enough for my needs."

"Will you take half of it?"

"Karl!"

"Will you?"

"No."

He accepted this as final, and immediately his gaze became fixed on the bay. A sleek white ship was putting out to sea.

"They are leaving, Karl," she said, and the courage in her eyes beat down the pain in her heart.

"In my coat inside. Bring them to me." As he could move only his right arm, and that but painfully, he bade her open each paper and hold it so that he could read plainly. The scrawl of the great captain, a deed and title, some dust dropping from the worn folds—how he strained his eyes upon them. He could not help the swift intake of air, and the stab which pierced his shoulder made him faint. She began to refold them. "No," he whispered. "Tear them up; tear them up!"

"Why, Karl?"

"Tear them up, now, at once. I shall never look at them again. Do it. What does it matter? I am only Herman Stuler. Now!"

With shaking fingers she ripped the tattered sheets, and the tears ran over and down her cheeks.

"Now, toss them into the grate and light a match."

And when he saw the reflected glare on the opposite wall he sank deeper

into the pillow. The woman was openly sobbing. She came back to his side, knelt and laid her lips upon his hand. There was now only a dim white speck on the horizon, and with that strange sea magic the hull suddenly dipped down, and naught but a trail of smoke remained. Then this, too, vanished. Breitmann withdrew his hand, but he laid it upon her head.

"I am a broken man, Hildegarde, and in my madness I have been something of a rascal. But for all that I had big dreams, but thus they go, the one in flames and the other out to sea." He stroked her hair. "Will you take what is left? Will you share with me the outlaw, be the wife of a disappointed outcast? Will you?"

"Would I not follow you to any land? Would I not share with you any miseries? Have you ever doubted the strength of my love?"

"Knowing that there was another?"

"Knowing even that?"

"It is I who am little and you who are great. Hildegarde, we'll have our friend Ferraud seek a priest this afternoon and square accounts."

Her hand dropped to the coverlet.

After that there was no sound except the crisp metallic rattle of the palms in the freshening breeze.

THE END.

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May 4th to 11th

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## SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By GEORGE B. MORGRIDGE

Published Fridays

Subscription \$1.50 Yearly

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Sierra Madre, California

Office, Room G, Karsting Court Telephone Black 42, Universal Long Distance Connections Opposite P. E. Station

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912

## BY THE WAY

The approach of the presidential preference primaries finds a great many people in a quandary as to how to vote. There seems no doubt that a majority of the people of California have decided Mr. Taft will not do, and will so vote at the polls. The progressive republican vote will go to Roosevelt and LaFollette. If the division between the adherents of these two men can be made sharp enough there is a chance for a California delegation at the national convention under Taft instructions. Obviously the thing for progressives to do is to get together on a candidate. Consider then the result if the delegation is instructed for LaFollette. However desirable he may be, and this paper yields to no one in admiration for the man and his work, he has no chance of being nominated. For it is admitted the main contest will be between Roosevelt and Taft, and LaFollette is too radical to be acceptable to the Taft wing of the party as a compromise candidate in case neither can secure the necessary votes. Roosevelt seems to be the only progressive who has a chance to win the republican nomination. Let there be no division in the progressive ranks and California will send a solid delegation to the republican national convention, backed by a majority that will leave no doubt in the mind of any one as to whether California prefers to be ruled by special interests or by the people.

## THE FLOWER FESTIVAL SUPPLEMENT

The editor of the News acknowledges with heartfelt thanks the many expressions of appreciation for the Flower Festival supplement of the News which have come verbally, by telephone, by mail and from our exchanges, from all parts of the country. They have been almost overwhelming in their kindness. Some of the editorial expressions which have come to the exchange table are reprinted herewith.

El Monte Gazette.—The Sierra Madre News issued with its paper of last week a handsome Flower Festival supplement. The supplement is in magazine form with cover printed in orange and purple. It is an artistic and excellent work, full of illustrations and write-ups descriptive of the beautiful little foothill city, and will prove a strong feature in attracting home-seekers to Sierra Madre.

Eagle Rock Sentinel.—One of the handsomest and most complete, special editions that has come to our exchange desk for many a day was the Sierra Madre Flower Festival number of the News this week. It was a beautiful piece of work from the mechanical and artistic standpoint and showed to splendid effect the flower show and also the fine homes and scenery in and around that thriving city. So well did the News set forth their attractions that we will want to pay that city a visit in the near future. That is just the effect a live newspaper has on people and shows conclusively the valuable asset of a publisher who is alive and equal to his opportunities.

Inglewood News.—The Sierra Madre News issued a special edition of its interesting publication last week. The edition portrays all the events of a flower festival recently held in Sierra Madre, besides graphically describing, by pen and picture, the beauties and advantages of that favored locality. The edition is one of the handsomest we have ever received. Typographically it is perfect, and is certainly a credit to Editor Morgridge and his staff of assistants.

Lankershim Laconic.—Bro. Morgridge of the Sierra Madre News, can be justly proud of his Flower Festival supplement to his paper of last week, which we have just received. There

is certainly no room for improvement. He surely should receive the thanks of the business men of that town.

## PRETTY SPECIAL EDITION

Alhambra News.—The Sierra Madre News, always a bright, breezy paper of excellent appearance, last week outdid itself in the form of a delightful special edition. It is decidedly the finest piece of newspaper work that it has ever been our privilege to see. It is profusely illustrated with views of the town and surrounding scenery. Sierra Madre is blessed with some of the finest scenery in the world and is favored by having one of the best country newspapers published in California. Editor Morgridge certainly knows how to boost his home town.

## WORTHY OF COMMENT

Hollywood Citizen.—The Sierra Madre News issued a special edition last week on the occasion of the annual flower show held in that city, which is a little the finest thing in the way of a special edition that has floated upon the "Citizens" desk for some time. The magazine portrays with beautiful illustrations the attractive features of Sierra Madre and is liberally supported by the Board of Trade and business men of the enterprising little city. The editor, Mr. George B. Morgridge, is indeed to be congratulated upon his enterprise and success.

## SPECIAL EDITION OF SIERRA MADRE NEWS

Van Nuys News.—The Flower Festival number of the Sierra Madre News reached our desk last week. Both from an editorial and artistic standpoint it surpasses any edition of its kind which has come to our notice since coming to California. Brother Morgridge is to be congratulated on the edition which places his community so invitingly before the public, and the people of Sierra Madre are to be congratulated that they have such an able gentleman at the head of their local press.

Azusa Pomotronic.—The special Flower Festival edition of the Sierra Madre News is a credit to the enterprising editor and to the town. We are glad to note the fact that the business men of that live little city showed their appreciation of the value of the issue by a liberal patronage. We extend hearty congratulations to Editor Morgridge upon the signal success of the edition. It was beautiful in workmanship and splendid in matter.

South Pasadena Record.—If anything can be more beautiful than the annual flower show given by the Sierra Madre Woman's club, it is the Flower Festival Supplement issued by the Sierra Madre News under the direction of the editor, George Morgridge. There are thirty-six pages of breezy write-ups, true-to-life illustrations, well-balanced boost statistics, well-set advertisements, perfect press work—and the whole is woven into a masterpiece of typographical and editorial achievement. The output represents but three weeks' labor on the part of the mechanical and editorial force of the paper.

Norwalk Call.—We are in receipt of the special Flower Festival edition of the Sierra Madre News and it's a real "daisy." The press work seems to be just about perfect and we wouldn't have believed it was done in the News office but Brother Morgridge says it was and Brother Morgridge is a truthful man and we must believe him. Anyway it was a fine piece of work.

Gardena Reporter.—The Sierra Madre News' special flower edition received this week is the neatest and best we have gazed upon in many moons, and as it is an all-home product of a country editor and a country print shop, Editor Morgridge may well feel proud of his special number.

Lordsburg Leader.—The Sierra Madre News for last week was one of the best-printed weekly newspapers that has ever reached our table. It was a special number, issued in connection with the Flower Festival which has become a regular annual affair at Sierra Madre. Editor George B. Mor-

## An Old Fashioned Barbecue at San Jacinto

The San Jacinto Board of Trade has plans for an Old Fashioned Barbecue that bids fair to outdo anything of its kind ever given in this part of the country. It is to be given in celebration of the Great Water Discovery made recently, together with the present and future prosperity of their most beautiful little valley. San Jacinto fatted steers and pigs, for which this section is famous, will be served, as a pleasant reminder and notice to the whole country around that San Jacinto is happy. It was always good, but now it is literally running over with possibilities, in all branches of ranching, fruit growing, cattle and hog raising, in fact it goes right down the line heading the list in almost every particular.

"It is beautiful, and its future is assured," says Nat Goodwin, the great actor, as he gobbles a thousand acres and plans for a mansion.

It's true we are off in a little corner by ourselves, but it's a cozy corner, and the best corner on earth for a man to get a start. We have had no land agents to boom and raise prices, making it especially attractive at this time. It's equally good for the rich and retired, because of its health giving climate, and beautiful surroundings, elegant trout fishing, and all kinds of small and large game close by.

Be sociable, come over and see us, you won't regret it, and we guarantee you won't forget it. Few minutes from Riverside by auto or Santa Fe, fine roads all the way. Come any time. If you want a snap you can't come too soon.

Look for another notice in this paper next issue. Send postal for photographs and further particulars. San Jacinto Board of Trade, San Jacinto, Cal.

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He—We are now coming to tunnel. Are you not scared? She—Not a bit if you take the cigar out of your mouth.—TIT-BITS.

The News Liner Column is a great market place for all classes of goods and real estate. Try it.

## NOTICE

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Madre Woman's Club Building association, will be held at the Club House on Friday, May 10, 1912, at 3 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Frances A. Andrews,  
Secretary.

April 25, 1912.

30-31

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